

NEIGHBORING NOTES.

The Cyclone.

(Composed by Rupert Holland and read before
the Adelphic Society.

It seems the fortune of everything,
Of every person, place and town;
That sometime in its history,
It must be twisted and pulled around.

One evening while our inhabitants
Were promiscuously roosting 'round,
Down from the land of the setting sun,
Came a whirly-gig with thundering sound.

But soon it reached our latitude
And sang its Yankee Doodle,
And then swooped down upon our town
Like a hornet on a poodle.

It scared the pilgrims far and wide,
Who did in their corners huddle,
It tore the houses from their chimneys off
And threw them in a puddle.

The looks of Cleary Dist. No. 6,
It would surprise the nation,
And the ragged urchins dwelling there
Were out on a vacation.

The posterior end of Hawkins' roost
Quickly kicked itself away.
And the dandy looking opera house,
Got acting rather gay.

The trees were twisted, warped and torn
With many a winding round,
And some gally planted wrong end up,
On a neighbor's stamping ground.

There was a chicken on the street
Whom this cyclone chanced to meet,
It blow the chicken from our sight,
But left the feathers clean and neat.

The questions asked by passers by
Were many, hard and rare,
For articles that had disappeared
While twisting in the air.

One native asked if any knew
Where to his house had gone,
For it had disappeared from sight
With the rest of the hurried throng.

All that was left of his castle old
Was the door key and the bell,
Which were in their old positions,
And in order working well.

It was the writer's luck to meet
The Chinese John Hing Lee,
With pigtail floating in the breeze
Looking for his washee

On being asked where the clothes had gone
That he cleaned from dust and clay,
He shook his head and then replied,
"Windee blowee shirtee allee wayee."

And so they kept inquiring
Through all the shining morn,
For bedsteads, dolls and poodles
Which'd departed in the storm.

These whirling winds are frisky things,
Which try all things to sever;
But 'though winds may come and winds may go,
That wind has gone forever.

Pittsfield.

Mr. Will Skendt, wife and mother of